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name of Chung-chia, and I have little doubt that considerable numbers of them might be found in the southern provinces of Kuang-hsi and Kuang-tung. The Yün-nan Chinamen in fact say that the Cantonese are Shans by race, and the facial resemblance between the Shan and the southern Chinaman is certainly remarkable.

All the more civilised Shan States from Kamti at the sources of the western Irrawaddy down to Bangkok have an alphabetical system of writing and a very considerable literary language, which differs so much from the ordinary language used in conversation as to be incomprehensible to an uneducated man. In the more isolated communities, where the Shans have been swamped by the Chinese, though they preserve their own tongue in talking they often have no knowledge of any system of writing it.

Spread over such a large extent of country, there are naturally diversities of dialect in the language, but Shans from very different countries can understand each other. I remember a Siamese official from Bangkok who had little difficulty in understanding the conversation of the Bhamo Shans. In religion they are Buddhists of the Burmese type of Buddhism, but the priests are much more lax in their observances than those of Burma.

They are a short, but very strongly made race, yellow in complexion, with features of a decidedly Mongolian type. A very nice, pleasant people to travel among or to have anything to do with, as long as one does not want to get any work out of them. They can work hard enough in case of necessity, and many of them are very energetic traders, but as long as they can live comfortably by working at their fields for half the year, most of them prefer to spend the rest of their time in smoking and chewing betel nut.

They are not at all warlike or unfriendly to strangers. Their curiosity is certainly great, and they will sit round in scores and hundreds to look at a European, but it is a respectful curiosity, unaccompanied by the bad manners which, among the races of Eastern Asia, seem to be a monopoly of the Chinese. I must have travelled some fifteen hundred miles through Shan countries, and I never remember any difference of opinion or unpleasantness of any kind.

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000 It was unnecessary therefore to try to follow this stream any further, so I struck across N.W. for the Hung-mên-k'ou ferry over the Yangtze. A steep descent from Ch'ien-ch'ang brought us to the P'u-tu Ho at 3,900 feet, and we crossed it by an extremely leaky ferry-boat, which half filled with water in taking across the first load of baggage. However they caulked it with strips of bark and everything was safely got across. The mules swam, and though the river is only 50 or 60 yards wide, the current was strong enough to carry them down quite 100 yards before they could land on the far bank.

563 .142 From the river we had a climb of nearly 4000 feet to the Lo-lo village of Ts'u-chü. These Lo-los are a much finer race than even the best of those that I had seen further south. They are very tall men, with straight noses and sharp features, and are evidently of the same race as the Independent Lo-los of Ssŭ-ch'uan. The difference of stature and feature between different Lo-lo tribes I attribute partly to climate and partly to the mixing of the more southern Lo-los with other races. Certainly the colder the climate in which one finds them living, the sharper are their features and the taller their stature. Ts'u-chü I found a very cold place, and the sun had not had power enough to melt the ice by three o'clock in the afternoon.

000 On the 6th February our road led up and down over spurs, the highest point reached being 8,500 feet; but I could only guess at the lie of the country as the clouds were right down on the hills, and in the morning fell for two or three hours in the form of snow. Finally we came down into a large undulating plateau, inhabited chiefly by Lo-los, with several large villages and a good deal of cultivation. We slept in a temple at San-ying-p'an, one of the principal villages.

Our next march lay across this plateau at an average level of about 8000 feet. The plateau is watered by the sources of the little river which we had crossed five days before in the Lu-ch'uăn Hsien plain. I had a little shooting on this march, getting a few snipe, and a plover which to my eye was undistinguishable from the common green plover of England.

On the 8th February we still kept on the plateau for

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CHAPTER XXXI

MI-LI, THE LAND OF THE YELLOW LAMA.

The San-ko-ya monastery—The eastern Tibetan—A tall straight-featured race—The Ya-lung again—Suspicious ferrymen—Our useless appeal to the lamas—Further negotiations—My interpreter wins the day with threats—We cross the river—Pê-tiao—Attempts to mislead us—A friendly monastery—Camp in the forest—Gold mining—Magnificent peaks—K'u-lu—Yaks—A cold night—Suspicious lamas—"Have you not come to dig for gold?"—The Chinese rank of the K'u-lu lama—A hospitable family—The reasons for Tibetan suspiciousness—An obstructive guide—We reduce him to reason—Interview with a lama—His objections overcome by the passport—The Mi-li river—A steep climb—Reach Mi-li after dark—A large monastery—Well-built houses—Tibetan and Chinese houses compared—Mr Amundsen's visit to Mi-li—The Mi-li prime minister—Present him with salad oil—Chinese traders—Gold washing—Extreme protectionist measures.

We had now been for four days within the boundaries of Huang La-ma Ti-fang, "the land of the yellow lama," as the Chinese often call the kingdom of Mi-li; but as yet we had seen no lamas and had not encountered the opposition from the Mi-li king which had been prophesied for us by the Chinese. The next day, however, this peaceful state of things was to come to an end, and we were to have our first experience of that suspicion and obstruction which, when continued day after day, are so wearing to the traveller in Tibetan countries.

Leaving Mo-lien we crossed the top of a ridge and began a long steep descent to the Ya-lung. A little way down from the top we came to San-ko-ya our first Tibetan monastery, a two-storied building of whitewashed stones, built all round a courtyard. Two of the lamas were sitting outside, and as they understood a little Chinese, we had some conversation.

These Tibetans are very different from the Hsi-fans, and are, I think, also fairer in complexion than and superior

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●142 in physique to the Lo-los. They are very big men, much bigger than the average of any nation of Europe, with straight noses and reddish complexions. This is the prevailing type in the part of eastern Tibet in which we travelled, though mixed up with them, one also finds men, and especially women, of rounder and more Mongolian features. Also somewhat smaller and darker men are to be met with sometimes. The race, like nearly every other race, is doubtless a mixed one.

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609 Descending 4000 feet from the monastery of San-ko-ya we found ourselves for the third time on the banks of the Ya-lung. The ferry-boat was on the other side of the river, and unfortunately the ferrymen also lived on the further bank. We began the usual shouting to attract their attention, and were met with an absolute refusal to bring the boat across.

"We don't know who you are. For all we know you may be coming to attack us, and at all events we cannot ferry you across without orders from the head-man," was the answer they shouted. Here then was our first experience of Tibetan ways. The size and strength of current of the river precluded all idea of swimming across to get the boat. In fact as long as they chose to stay on the other side, the game was clearly in their hands.

Finding argument and persuasion wasted on the ferrymen, my interpreter and I climbed 3,500 feet again to see
S the head-man who lived near the monastery. When we got
ST there we found he was away, so we tried the lamas who
788 had seemed fairly civil in the morning. They were at the
609 moment engaged in their devotions which they performed to the accompaniment of loud bangings of drums and blowings of horns. Occasionally what appeared to be cakes of dough were brought out by attendants and put out of doors, probably as a work of merit, for the crows and other birds to eat.

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609 In half an hour or so the ceremony was over, but our time had been wasted. The lamas said they had nothing to do with the affairs of the world and had no authority over the ferrymen. Doubtless if they had liked to send orders, they would have been obeyed at once, but seeing they did not intend to help us we descended again to